A N

# O D E

TO THE

Right HONOURABLE the

# Earl of CADOGAN.

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*Scriberis* Vario *Fortis & Hoſtium*
*Victor.*---------- Hor.

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I.

HERO! ſprung from Antient Blood!
*CADOGAN*, Valiant, Wiſe and Good!
What golden Lyre, what happy Muſe,
To ſing thy Praiſes ſhall we chuſe?
So great a Theme, ſo new a Song,
To *Welſted* only dos belong,
Like *Ovid* ſoft is he, like *Flaccus* ſtrong.

II.

II.

Vertues, that ſoar ſo high, demand
The Touches of a Maſter-Hand;
Love diſdain'd, on *Pindar*'s Wing,
Thee and Conqueſt he ſhall ſing;
To Times unborn tranſmit thy Praiſe,
On thy Laurels graft his Bays,
And with thy Triumphs ſwell his poliſh'd Lays.

III.

Whether thy Deeds he backward trace,
With Atchievements paſt to grace
The numerous Ode, and bring anew
Fields with Slaughter ſtain'd to view:
Part in MARLB'ROUGH ſhalt thou claim,
Next to MARL'BROUGH riſe in Fame;
The Strain reſounds with each immortal Name.

IV.

Whether from a nearer Theme
The tuneful Poet form his Scheme,



And

And court with Skill the raviſh'd Ear,
The Glories, which we ſee, to hear;
Glories unrivall'd! Fit alone
By Wit unrivall'd to be ſhown,
By Harmony inſpir'd, and Numbers not his own!

V.

If glorious War his Fancy charms,
Thy Courage and thy Skill in Arms,
Thy brandiſh'd Steel, and ſpreading Wreath,
Bold and ſublime the Verſe ſhall breath;
If thy ſocial Life he ſhow,
Soft the gent'ler Strain ſhall flow,
And every Line with Truth and Friendſhip glow.

VI.

Oh! Thou! whom even thy Foes approve,
Whom foreign Nations praiſe and love!
Darling of the *Britiſh* Court!
Thy Country's Boaſt, thy King's Support!
Diſtinguiſh'd Honours born to wear,
Fav'rite of the Bright and Fair,
The Soldiers Glory, and the Soldiers Care.

VII.

Could I boaſt thy vigorous Mind,
Thy ſprightly Wit and Judgment join'd;
Were all thoſe Arts and Graces mine,
Which make thy finiſh'd Merit ſhine:
Then wou'd I raiſe the ſounding Strain,
Alarm, around, the liſt'ning Plain,
And with thy various Praiſe the Verſe ſuſtain.

VIII.

I'd paint Thee then, with matchleſs Art,
The cleareſt Head, the braveſt Heart,
Boldly honeſt to adviſe;
Bleſt Effect of being wiſe!
Ever prompt thy Aid to lend:
Swift thy Country to defend:
And doom'd th' Impoſtor's blaſted Hopes to end:

IX.

But ſtay, fond Muſe, th' Attempt refrain;
The Theme ill ſuits thy humble Strain;

*Welſted*, O! begin the Song!
Blooming Poet, bright and young!
Exert thy heav'nly Art anew,
In lofty Verſe the Toil purſue,
In Verſe to Glory, and *CADOGAN* due.

X.

His paſt and preſent Actions ſung,
Let thy Lyre again be ſtung;
Let thy ſweet prophetic Lays
Anticipate his coming Praiſe;
Place the Scene before our Eyes,
That wrap'd in Clouds and Darkneſs lies,
The Scene ordain'd in diſtant Time to riſe.

XI.

Many Years the Hero give!
Lov'd and happy make him live!

Draw him at the Helm of State,
As in Arms, in Council great!
Let the God-like Portrait ſhine!
So thou! for Poets may divine,
Shalt ſhare his Fame, and make his Triumphs thine.

*F I N I S.*

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